

The Black Arrow

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Major Robert S. Blackford, a retired army officer, dies at his country place near Washington and leaves a will bequeathing his fortune to his daughter, Mrs. Alexander, and her only child, a young girl. A letter directed to the lawyer, Mr. Singleton, says that the location of the money will be found in an envelope marked with a black arrow, which is hidden between the leaves of a book in the library. Mrs. Alexander's nephew finds the letter and, disappointed because he has received nothing from his great-uncle, destroys the paper. Before doing so he learns that the real description of the hiding place is concealed in a gold locket belonging to his cousin, Bessie Alexander. Robert Singleton, son of the lawyer, is engaged by his father to find the money. A letter has been found in the book referred to by the major. It is marked with a black arrow and contains instructions to look about the streets of Washington on the following Monday morning for four envelopes marked in the same peculiar manner. The contents of these letters will disclose the true hiding place. They are to be hidden by an agent of Major Blackford, who does not understand the significance of his work. The lawyer believes this letter to be the one referred to by his client and takes the man agrees to do so if his father will introduce him to the family as a detective, and an arrangement is made for him to call at the residence on Massachusetts street the next morning. He learns that an attempt has been made to chloroform Miss Alexander, apparently with the object of robbing her. The first lot of clues do not make sense because of the fact that one of the envelopes has become mutilated. Robert Singleton determines to capture the man who is distributing the envelopes the next time he hides them. He receives a notification that on the following Monday four more clues will be placed about the streets, and lays his plans to catch the Black Arrow man in the act of secreting the letters.

CHAPTER V.

The grounds surrounding the Capitol are so open and well-lighted that it is one of the least favorable spots in Washington for anyone to choose for a hiding place. This is particularly true in winter when the leaves have fallen and the strong glare from the electric lamps searches out every nook and crevice of the park. A single watchman can take up a position in a sheltered part of the building and detect the presence of anyone in that part of the grounds which comes within his view. In this way three men could watch the entire open place without patrolling the walks.

This fact impressed itself upon Robert Singleton in his deliberations of a clue. The writer of the anonymous letter had explicitly stated that the envelope would be hidden in the northwest section of the grounds surrounding a public building, the description of which could only mean the Capitol. He therefore determined that the best opportunity of meeting the mysterious distributor of clues would be to watch the open hiding place. If that failed for any reason there still remained the park in which another letter would be secreted on the afternoon. He decided that his best course would be to wait until dark and keep watch all night if necessary.

He spent Sunday in his rooms, reading and taking occasional naps. During the day a heavy snowstorm set in and by evening the city was covered with a white blanket. His best chance of being a dependent upon his own unaided efforts, for the presence of several detectives in the grounds could not escape the attention of the man with the envelope and would probably cause him to give up the attempt. Accordingly, he telephoned to the bureau and informed the captain on duty that he had decided not to use the money hidden in the envelope that night. His next step was to clothe himself in a thick suit that he kept for hunting. Slipping a flask of whisky into an inner pocket and a revolver into a second, he made his way to the nearest car line and rode to the Capitol.

In the limits defined in his letter there was but one place that could serve for purposes of hiding. The heavy snowfall made it impossible to place a letter in the shrubbery or behind the tree signs without serious danger of having it destroyed by the melting snow. There was only one place within the limits that was protected from the weather—a brick grotto covering a fountain just off the staircase leading to the building from Pennsylvania Avenue. Inside the grotto were numerous niches between the roof and walls, any one of which would hold a folded envelope and screen it from observation. There could be no doubt that the letter would select one of these receptacles. The grotto itself was not far distant from the street, and across that were several doorways of business offices that were in the shadow and furnished ideal sanctuaries. The amateur detective chose the most favorable one of these and making himself as comfortable as possible, commenced his long vigil.

It seemed to him that the night would never pass away. After the first hour the heavy fall of snow ceased and he was able to keep the grounds around the grotto under the most careful inspection without straining his eyes unduly. An electric lamp not ten feet away sputtered at intervals and allowed the surroundings to fade into gloom; then recovered its power and sent a searching white light across the grounds, in which the bare limbs of the nearby trees swayed up and down under the weight of ice and sleet, casting long shadows back and forth along the expanse of green dotted snow that hid the ground like a carpet.

Somewhere back of him he could hear the song in a church tower striking every quarter of an hour and it seemed an eternity between the striking. His hands and feet became numb and dead from the cold which penetrated his warm clothing. The flask he had placed in his pocket seemed to hold very little whisky and he held himself down to a few drops at a time in his fight against the cold. When midnight came he felt as though he had been watching an eternity and notwithstanding the long sleep he had secured during the day, he commenced to feel drowsy. At the passing of every car he would become keenly alert and when one stopped he would strain his eyes to follow the movements of the alighting passengers. By a o'clock he was worn out and strongly inclined to abandon the attempt in disgust, but having waited so many hours a sense of pride kept him at his self-imposed task.

And then like a flash his weariness disappeared. Across the open place around the statue at the commencement of the staircase to the building he suddenly saw a man with his hat slouched over his face step into the half shadow of the wall and turn to look up and down the street. Satisfied, apparently, with his scrutiny of the street, the

A Fascinating Detective Story Which Points to the Location of Money Actually Hidden About the Streets of Washington.

In Today's Installment Are Clues to \$100.

If You Find It, It's Yours

EXPLANATION OF PLAN

In today's installment of the story are clues to the location of \$100—divided into four amounts—hidden in Washington, where anyone can secure them if they can trace the clues. They are placed where they are easily accessible, requiring no special effort to get them beyond the location of the hiding places.

The money is contained in envelopes, each marked with a broad black arrow.

It will be useless to look for the money today. It will not be there. It will be there tomorrow morning.

No employee of The Times or member of his family is eligible in the hunt.

No person who has found one of the same is eligible in the hunt thereafter.

man advanced swiftly up the staircase and turned into the grotto. The time for swift action had come, and Singleton crossed the street on a run, determined to reach the place in time to catch the man in the act of concealing the envelope. What he should then do was uncertain, but by bluffing he might frighten the man into a confession of some sort.

There was a small opening on the side of the grotto, and peeping through this Singleton watched the man slip a white envelope in a crevice under the roof. Without hesitating he slipped around the corner and stood in the door just as the man had stepped back and faced about. Both men had their overcoat collars turned up about their faces, and their hats pulled over their eyes. Singleton had taken the precaution of wearing a black velvet mask over the upper part of his face to avoid detection if the man should know his face. After the first swift intaking of breath caused by Singleton's unexpected appearance he stood for a moment irresolute, apparently undecided whether to escape and leave the envelope or face it out. Singleton advanced toward him without a word, and throwing open his coat displayed a detective badge he had worn for the occasion.

At the sight of it the unknown man jumped suddenly forward wrapping his arms around Singleton's body so tightly that he could not raise the revolver he held inside his coat. The force of his leap carried them both back to the wall striking Singleton's head against the bricks. He recovered in an instant and releasing his hold on the revolver managed to get an arm free and closed with his assailant. Backward and forward they struggled across the floor and every moment Singleton felt himself getting the better of the encounter. He had gotten his hand on the other's throat and was exerting his full strength to carry him back to the edge of the fountain when their struggle carried them to a spot where the snow had swept in, making the hard floor as slippery as ice. They both slipped at the same moment and came to the ground, but in the fall Singleton's forehead struck the sharp edge of the fountain and everything became blank.

The man scrambled to his feet and bent to tear the mask from the face of the supposed detective when he was startled by the blowing of a whistle and the sound of some one running toward the grotto. Swinging around to the door he saw the light of the night watchman approaching on a run. He delayed long enough to leap to the bench and jerk the envelope from its hiding place, then dashing out of the opposite door he raced for the street. The command of the watchman to halt was ignored and caused him to merely reverse sharply. The next moment a revolver shot whistled over his head and a second grazed his arm as he reached the street. Before a third shot could be fired he reached an alley and disappeared from sight before the man in pursuit could make up the distance he had lost in slowing up to fire at the fugitive.

It was 10 o'clock on the following morning when Singleton recovered consciousness and found himself in his own rooms. His head felt as though a hundred hammers were beating on his brain. As he moved unsteadily to the bed and placed his hand to the bandage around his forehead his landlady crossed the floor and handed him a glass containing some medicine which had been prepared by the instructions of a physician. To his question of how he had reached his room, she replied that the watchman at the Capitol grounds had found him lying on the floor of the grotto, and seeing the bandage he wore had telephoned to the Detective Bureau, which sent a man to identify him. She handed him a note which had arrived by messenger about an hour before. He opened it wearily and read the contents.

"While attempting to hide an envelope in the grounds of the Capitol," it read, "I was attacked by a detective who managed to get away, but the plan of concealing the four envelopes was spoiled. If you instigated the attack I can only say that you are destroying the only chance there is of receiving the communication of the late Major Blackford. If there is any further attempt made to interfere with me in the performance of my duty, I shall be obliged to abandon the plans I am directed to carry out. In the meantime I will make another effort on next Monday. I will hide four envelopes as I had intended to-day. The first will be placed on the first floor in one of the largest department stores of the city, shortly after it opens for business on Monday morning. The store is known, officially, by the names of the members of the firm. It is sometimes called by a name which is that of a Northern city. The other three envelopes will be hidden about the same hour. The places for concealing them will be made known to you later. I must warn you again to give up the attempt to interfere with my duty if you wish to receive the communication intended for Mrs. Alexander and her daughter. If you are not responsible for the attack last night, I must apologize for my suspicions, which you will admit are reasonable."

The blow which Robert Singleton had received was fortunately a glancing one. At the end of three days he felt sufficiently recovered to venture out on the

streets. He had accepted an invitation for a dance on the Wednesday following his experience at the Capitol grounds and being under many social obligations to the hostess, determined to make his appearance for a few moments and then disappear. The wound on his forehead was partly healed, and moreover was nearly hidden when his hair was brushed over it. He slipped into evening dress, and rang for a cab, instructing the driver to wait at the entrance to the house until he came out.

It was just 11 o'clock and very few of the guests had arrived, so that he had a few minutes' conversation with his hostess, and was able to pass on into the ballroom and out through a second door without interruption. When he reached the street it occurred to him that it would be very pleasant to stroll down Massachusetts Avenue to his rooms. Accordingly, he paid the cabman and dismissed him.

With the inconsistency peculiar to Washington weather a complete change had set in since Sunday. The night was quite warm for the season of the year, and Singleton felt somewhat heated by the time he had walked several squares. He threw his overcoat back from his chest, and, lighting a cigarette, adopted a leisurely gait swinging a light cane, and endeavoring to recall the air from one of the new operas that the orchestra had commenced to play as he left the house. He felt more cheerful than he had at any time since the mystery of the Blackford money had taken possession of his thoughts, and commenced to nourish a hope that by a stroke of luck he should see the girl whose interests he was fighting for, in passing the house.

His wish was prophetic, or else by some mental process his subconsciousness had become aware of the presence of Miss Alexander. As he approached the entrance to the house a carriage was driven up and Mrs. Alexander and her daughter alighted. Singleton was so near that he had to pause to allow them to pass before him. The light from a street lamp was shining upon him and both women recognized his face notwithstanding the change his evening clothes made in his appearance as compared to the remembrance they had of him gotten up in his disguise as a detective. He flushed slightly but removed his hat with sufficient politeness. The two ladies returned the salutation and Singleton did not fail to notice the half suppressed surprise in their manner undoubtedly occasioned by his immaculate attire.

He walked on to his room with a pleasurable tingle in his veins. Although he was quite aware that his appearance on this occasion was calculated to create doubt in the minds of the young lady and her mother in regard to his identity as a hired detective, which was the impression he had carefully endeavored to maintain, he was for some reason nothing but sorry that the meeting had taken place. There was one point about it that was of value in his estimation. It surrounded him with somewhat of a mystery, and his experience had been that such a situation was most desirable for favorable and rapid advances in the thoughts of any of the fair sex with whom he had become enamored.

When he arrived at his rooms he sat in a lounging chair and continued his pleasant train of thought. He had been plunged in a delightful reverie for quite half an hour when he reached the con-

clusion that the next move for him was to retire for the night. He commenced to feel sleepy and stretched himself out to yawn, slipping his hands into the side pockets of his top coat which he had not removed when he came in. As he did so he felt a paper in the right hand pocket and drew it forth to see what it was. It was with a start of surprise that he saw a black arrow across the top. The symbol was getting to be a severe trial on his nerves and he read the contents with extreme impatience. There was no address and but little writing.

"The second," it said, "will be found in a circle in the northwest section of the city which is the intersection of three avenues. Its name is that of an admiral of the United States navy who fought in the Mexican and Civil Wars." It was absolutely certain that the paper had not been in his pocket when he had started out earlier in the evening. He remembered quite distinctly that he had removed a cigarette case from that pocket when he first left his room and if the paper had been there at that time he knew that he would have noticed it. The most plausible explanation was that the mysterious man had either followed him to the dance or seen him there and slipped the communication into his overcoat while it was in the cloak room. It gave him an uneasy feeling to know that his every movement was watched and that whoever was doing this had succeeded in keeping his own identity undisclosed.

Such a state of affairs was intolerable. If a second attempt should be made to capture the man of mystery a failure would mean ruin to all efforts to obtain a key to the mystery. At the same time there could be very little to be gained from the work of following the scattered clues which undoubtedly led to nothing. It would be necessary to discover in some way who would be benefited by keeping the mystery a failure on a false trail, and what the exact benefit would be. It was a logical conclusion that the man who was throwing dust in his eyes was himself, not aware of the exact hiding place of the treasure. If he knew he would certainly secure the money and disappear.

One of the first points to settle was the identity of some man who could have obtained information from Major Blackford which had been withheld from his daughter and granddaughter. Another important point to settle was an explanation of the obstacle in the way of anyone with that amount of information, which was keeping him from the money. Could the attempt to chloroform Miss Alexander be connected with the matter? Of course she was, herself, ignorant of the nature of any such possession which would be an explanation of the whole mysterious affair.

A night of broken slumber, which he had devoted his intervals of wakefulness to the problem brought Singleton no nearer to its solution. He got up feeling tired and discouraged. He had a feeling which amounted to a conviction that the morning mail would bring him another communication from the man of arrows. In this he was not disappointed. One of the letters that had been obtained according to the postmark at a little before midnight was addressed to him in typewriting. The familiar brand of paper was inside with another brief notification.

"The third will be found on a street in the Northwest section running north and south. Its name is a number that will divide thirty-two and not twelve. The envelope will be placed on the street at the intersection of its intersection by a wide avenue named after a State which produces large amounts of

coal, and its obstruction by a Government building."

The week passed rapidly away. Robert Singleton warned his father that a further attempt to rob the Alexander house would probably be made, and urged him to secure the safety of the ladies in every possible way. Until he received the fourth letter he would not be able to complete his plans for a new campaign. In the meantime he decided to investigate carefully the daily life of the late Major Blackford to determine if possible who might have been in his confidence, more than his father. Every indication pointed to the fact that the man for whom he was looking had intimate knowledge of the household in the country.

Friday passed without a message and the strain on his nerves increased with the passing of time, although the fourth letter would probably give nothing more than the description of the fourth hiding place. The Saturday morning and midday mails brought no intelligence, but during the afternoon a telegram dated in New York contained the explanation. It was addressed to him and signed with a name that meant nothing. Its message was brief but explicit.

"The fourth will be placed on a street whose name is a number which will divide 34 but not 24. It will be some-

Democrats of Missouri Ask Leave to Secede

Apply to Legislature to Be Allowed to Annex County to Arkansas—Disgrace of Living in Republican State.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 19.—Because Missouri went Republican, nearly 300 farmers of Dunklin county, in the southeastern part of the State, have signed a petition asking the Legislature to allow the county to be transferred to Arkansas. It was not until last Saturday that the citizens of the interior of the county learned that the State had gone for Roosevelt. Immediately James Cranstree, G. B. Turner and S. F. Williams, farmers near Hornersville, had the petition drawn.

The paper states that since Missouri had gone Republican, respectable men could not acknowledge citizenship in the State without shame, and asks that the State Legislature enact such provisions as would allow the county to take steps for transfer of allegiance to the Commonwealth of Arkansas. A similar petition has been started in Pemiscott county, and the two counties, it is stated, will make a joint move for transfer.

where between the intersection of this street by the avenue mentioned in the description of the third hiding place and its intersection by a second street whose name is the second half of a brief expression meaning that anything has been examined and found to contain no errors."

This completed the list of clues. Singleton spent the remainder of the day

in arranging the details of a plan which gave promise of ending the difficulty and disclosing the money. He had a long consultation at the office of the captain of detectives and arranged for a detail of plain clothes men.

(To Be Continued in Next Sunday's Times.)



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But these are not the only points of the superiority of Elk Grove Creamery Pasteurized Butter. Its producers have long seen the necessity of keeping butter in the refrigerator free from contamination with fruits and the like. Careful study, wide experimenting, and a large amount of money expended have finally effected a satisfactory solution of this problem. They found that the best thing possible was to put up butter in air-tight carton packages. Tests proved that butter put up in this manner could be kept in close proximity to any fruit without injury. Then, too, it would preserve the butter; make it retain its flavor and sweetness as long as a "bit" was left, a fact that butter connoisseurs appreciate.

These facts tell briefly the story of Elk Grove Creamery Pasteurized Butter's great merits, and the reason for its growing popularity. A trial is all that is necessary to convince you that it is the Butter par excellence.

As a proof of the popularity of Elk Grove Creamery Pasteurized Butter it is being imitated. Imitators use red ink and similar designs, but they cannot imitate the quality.

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abundance of this present era of prosperity. We selected this calendar from hundreds of others that were submitted to us. It will be an ornament to your room. There is to be no advertisement on the face of this calendar, and the back of it will simply contain the well-known seal of Elk Grove Butter. We want every one to have one of these calendars. They are free to all consumers of Elk Grove Butter. Simply save 15 of the one-pound cartons, or 30 1/2-pound cartons, in which Elk Grove is put up, and come to us and we shall be pleased to give you an Art Calendar.

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